Taboo

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Summary: "I'm your ex boyfriend!" He suddenly screams. He's never used this tone with her. And it finally hits her. He pulls her by her arm and snaps her around until she's the one against his door frame, "I don't know if you remember this, Rachel, but I was in love you with for two fucking years."

Taboo

Hey, wow. It's been about almost 9 years since I've posted anything on this account. I was actually reading all my older stories on this account and jesus i was god awful at writing. But I realized that everyone has to start somewhere right? even my username is just wow. I went into so many fandoms after I lost interest in Friends fanfiction and became a genuinely great writer and I say that with pride thanks to so many friends I made that MADE me a good damn writer with unstoppable criticism. I have dozens of stories on my other recent account, but I don't want to post it here...lol, I recently became intrigued again in Friends, thanks to Netflix, and as a more mature women in her 20s I did indeed rewatch the whole series from the beginning and I did see why Ross and Rachel is meant to be. But then I go back to seasons seven of the show and Jeez, I just, i can't give up on the knowledge that part of me knows Joey and Rachel have had to mean SOMETHING.

Now before you read, I don't know if there are many people who still read these, regardless I had a blast writing this, this story is dirty, and angry. Joey and Rachel might seem a little OOC but it is with great reason. I love the writers of the show, but like many JR fans, I was very displeased with how Joey and Rachel did have a relationship and did 'fall in love' but yet when on with the show like nothing happened. SO this is kind of based off that. Except that Joey notices this as well. And it gets bad. Let me know if you guys like this! If you do I could probably post an M rated version or continue it or both, I don't know yet. But only your reviews can tell so let me know.

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><p>Taboo

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><p>Everyone kind of always detested it. As much as they would hate to admit it and thought he was oblivious to it, Joey knew that no one ever really liked the idea of him and Rachel as a couple. He had a feeling that if his life was a sitcom, no one would have even rooted for them to work out. And it always secretly hurt his feelings to the very core. It hurt so much, in fact, that days and days after their break up, he'd lay in bed just contemplating if maybe Rachel didn't want to go through with it because she honestly didn't feel comfortable enough having sex with him or if it was because of how she thought everyone saw her. After all, everyone always wanted Ross and Rachel together.<p>

They have decades of history and a baby together, of course that had to mean something. But Joey just wished, that for once, people could actually understand what it was he was feeling for her. That while inappropriate and unexpected, he wished it wasn't inappropriate or wrong, but God he loved her so much. No way all those memories they shared together had to be taken for granted. If only they saw what he saw.

It would still be there months after they "broke up"- the looks, the lip biting, the sadness in his eyes. And she would pretend like she didn't see it.

When Joey found out about Rachel wanting to kiss Ross in Long Island, he began doubting their first kiss. If she was only just lonely and confused, or if she really did love him. He felt dirty and used, but he didn't tell anyone that, because again, imagine how everyone would react.

It had been ten months after they called it quits when Joey and Rachel were eating Frosted Flakes for breakfast and Rachel noticed Joey subconsciously swirling his spoon around in his cereal.

"You okay?"

Caught off guard, he looks up at her and stutters, "What? Huh, oh yeah, no I'm fine. Just thinkin'." He chuckles and instead of finishing his cereal, gets up and takes the remaining of it and pours it down the sink.

Rachel raises an eyebrow, noticing his cold demeanor. "You sure?"

Joey's leaning over the sink now, his arm spread out with his head hanging low. He stays like that for a good few seconds before clearing his throat and licking his lips. Rachel immediately regrets asking because she hates when the atmosphere between them gets like this. Almost like it's a reminder that things can't go back the way they were.

When he says nothing followed by a fake chuckle, she finishes her bowl and puts it in the sink on top of his. Joey watches her and she

walks back around the counter to go to her room to get changed for work.

"Can I ask you something?" She stops dead in her tracks and smiles softly.

"Of course you can, sweetie." But this time when their eyes meet, he doesn't look at her tenderly like he usually does, instead they're dark and they show exactly what he's feeling. His gut hangs low in his throat and he can hear the blood pumping through his head. He's angry; furious.

"You know, you don't have to keep calling me sweetie all the time." He growls, banging his fist on the sink before quickly turning to stare her deep in the eyes.

Rachel swallows hard, caught off guard, and she can hear her heart in her ears. But she feels like need to apologize.

"Joey, I didn't mean-"

"Let me ask you before I pussy outâ€¦I need to know something or i'm going to lose my fucking mind." Her eyebrows shoot up at his sudden curse and she feels like this is a stranger in front of her. Out of all her years knowing him, he has never been this way. He almost seems out of character and she wonders if he was putting up an act of idiocy and being naive for almost eleven years.

"If I were another one of your ex boyfriends, like Tag or something, and you guys broke up, would you still be living with him?" no response. "It's funny, I remember when you and Ross broke up, you couldn't even stand to be in the same room as him." he snickers and bites his lips diligently. She sees his fist open and close as he exhales in utter exhaustion.

Rachel stands there confused, not knowing where he's going with this. But now she's reminded of all that pain she felt when Ross did break her heart, and when her and Tag didn't work out and all her other boyfriends. He's right, she thinks, she wouldn't dare be close to them again right after that.

"It was." She whispers, biting her lip, "Because Ross was the love of my life and he cheated on me." She brushes a stand of hair behind her ear before crossing her arms, "where are you getting at, Joe?"

He pushes himself off the sink and finally makes direct eye contact with her again. He shakes his head and sighs. He can't take it anymore, her **obliviousness**. Just like everyone _else_. He eyes his keys on their counter, and snatches it before also grabbing his coat. "Nothing. Never mind."

"Hell, it's nothing." He hears her scoff and she's running up the door before he can open it.

"Move."

"No, Joey."

"Rachel, move!" He grabs the handle but she pushes him away instead, and he fumbles back. He looks dead into her blue eyes before he

tossed his jacket and keys across the room, making her flinch.

"Please talk to me, Joey. You're my friend."

He holds back his tears and all his anger. In any normal situation like this he'd be cursing her out, but he was raised a gentleman. He clenches his teeth, "you don't get it do you?" She looks up at him confused and then with pity as she sees the sadness in his eyes, "Goddamn it, move, please." he needs to look away, he cant stare at her face for so long. Not when he feels what he isn't even suppose to feel.

Especially when it is unrequited to the point where he wants to slap ever living bastard who's ever laid an eye on her. She reaches up to caress his arm when he rudely pushes her off of him and steps back.

She gapes at him. Hurt. "When would you do something like that to your ex? How can you be so oblivious?" he steps around her, "I am so done."

Rachel is annoyed now and stressed as she runs a hand through her hair and grabs her forehead, suddenly snapping, "God, Joey, what the hell are you freakin talking about! I don't even know what you're saying anymore, or-or who you even are."

"I'm your ex boyfriend!" He suddenly screams. He's never used this tone with her. And it finally hits her. He pulls her by her arm and snaps her around until she's the one against his door frame, "I don't know if you remember this, Rachel, but I was in love you with for two years. Sometimes I wonder if it was even the truth when you said you loved me that one day in Barbados, if you were leading me on or it's because Ross was with Charlie so I was a rebound, because that week was honestly so bad for me Rach." Her eyes look hurt and his voice softens, "I loved being with you I really did, but I felt like the world was against me. No one was supportive, to be honest I felt like you didn't even try hard enough. And it's bad but I do compare myself to Ross, if it were him you would've reacted so differently. You wouldn't have given up on him because he couldn't get you in bed the first time. If it were him you wouldn't have still been living with him, you wouldn't still call him sweetie, and I'm almost a hundred percent sure you would've cried at least once but you did neither of those things."

She's quiet as she leans against the door. She stares at him, his eyes soft and his hands clenching and unclenching again. His bottom lip is shaking softly, and she stops looking when he runs a hand down his face, exasperated, "You can't even begin to understand how it changed me. The six of us aren't the same anymore like we used to be. We try to force it like it is but nobody has even made an effort to notice that I am not the same man. And then you have the decency to go and kiss Ross in Long Island without even talking to me first. Why the hell am I so different to you guys?"

"You thought it was bad?" She says quietly.

He stares at her in wonder, that was literally the only thing she got out of his whole entire rant, "What?" she looks down at the ground and shuffles her feat, feeling something she hasn't felt in a long

time. He stops his hand and swallows as he steps back away from her. "Not...you or us, just...the way it happened? I don't know." He turns around and walks over to the lounger. He leans his right elbow on his knee and runs his hand through his brown messy hair. "Did you really love me?"

She's still staring at him. And as much as he needs answers, so does she so she ignores him completely.

"How would you have done it differently?"

He scoffs and laughs to himself. He thinks for a moment and pulls on his hair, "Well for one, I wouldn't have waited until Barbados. You should've told me before I went out with Charlie. It would've been so much simpler if it happened in here than at some lousy hotel." He looks over at her and eyes her up and down, his eyes clouded with lust. She swallows hard. "I think you didn't want to have sex with me because you kept thinking about Ross."

Suddenly Rachel feels insulted, she's taken aback by his declaration. "What? Ross? It was never about Ross."

Joey laughs, "Rachel, it's _always _and always will be about Ross. and not just him, Rach, it was everyone! Please, I know how weird it is for them to look at us and not understand it. And hell, I know how you'd feel when Ross looks are you all time knowing that's we'd been together that way. But they don't understand how we at least how I felt."

Rachel takes a few deep breaths to calm herself down and walks closer to Joey, "Joey, you know I don't care what anyone thinks about my love life." She kneels down next to him and puts her hand on his knee. Joey looks down at her hand and swallows the lump in his throat.

"This is what I mean Rach, you can't just-" he cries.

"I know I know but hear me out." He closes his eyes tightly, "You're my best friend-"

He groans in pain, "Not this again, please-"

"-_and_ I know it's weird to say that because yes, we did go out, but that's what makes us so compatible with each other, Joey. The fact that we could be that close and yet be comfortable, that doesn't happen to just everyone. I love you so much, we both know that. You shouldn't be jealous of Ross because when he broke my heart I cried for days. Why would you want to be jealous of something like that? Because you wanted our break up to hurt me more?" Rachel stretches out her legs from beneath her and leans her head on his leg. He stares intently down at her as she continues, " of course it hurt me, Joe. But you need to understand. Me and Ross were romantically involved for much longer than we were. I was loosing him romantically. With you, we only had a good couple of hours, yes they were nice but like you said before, it was choppy, it was barely a relationship to begin with. I had many more friendship memories with you than romantic so I didn't necessarily feel that tremendous loss."

She lets out a deep breath and Joey feels a gut wrenching feeling as

he still stares at her. His eyes wander down the back of her pale neck, the little freckles that lead down the back of her shirt, where he never got a chance to see. He feels like he's going to puke. "So this is what Ross feels like..."

Her eyebrows knit together, "what are you talking about?" Her breath hitches in her throat as he brings his hand to brush one of her strands off her neck. His finger gently traces the lines of her collar bones.

"The jealousy, I mean. Jealous that he got to be that way with you. I never got to express that to you." Rachel laughs.

"Well you did, today."

"No..." He draws a line down her neck with his pointer finger and her eyes close shut, "I mean in bed." He sees Rachel gulp.

The air between them is thick and her eyes snap open. Reality sets in and she gets up quickly, "Rach..."

She's breathing heavily, and looking down at him, "Joey, we both know we don't work that way. We've tried-"

"But you just said, The fact that we could be that close and yet be comfortable, that doesn't happen to just everyone. You just said those exact words."

"I know but I wasn't talking about-"

"That's what I would've done differently."

"What?"

"When you asked what I would've done differently. I would've kissed you and made love to you, Rachel. I would've, because I know that at the spur of the moment you wouldn't be thinking about the consequences or Ross, or chandler, or Monica, no you would've been thinking about us."

"What makes you so sure that that's the reason?"

Joey stands up and now they're at eye level with each other. He looks into her eyes, blue and brown meet, "because I still feel it when I'm with you." Her eyes fall close and her breathing turns shallow. His right hand reaches up and softly caresses her cheek. Her eyes open slightly and they're clouded over with want. Joey leans down and leans his foreheads against hers. She feels herself moving and she's right. She somehow ended up next to the bathroom door, against that wall. He nuzzles his nose with hers, still starring down at her.

"Don't you ever think about of why we really couldn't sleep with each other? I know it's not because I' m not comfortable with seeing you naked, because trust me I am." He whispers huskily as his pointer finger leads down the cleavage of her top, "aren't you?" She swallows her and he brings his finger under her chin. He touches her bottom lip with his thumb as she nods. "Then what is it, Rachel?"

Memories of them when they were just friends flash through her mind

like a slide show, this man who's slept with countless of women who has always just been her friend Joey who made her laugh, who she soon became best friends with post her downfall with Ross, to developing a crush on him to possibly falling in love with him. It left her speechless as she stared into his deep brown orbs. So much lust and love for her in them, and it shook her to her very core. "Joey...how did this happen?" She asks, breathless.

He moans and shakes his head. 10 years of friendship and memories. Her breath hits his face and he realizes they haven't been this close in months. This is Rachel Karen Green. This is Rachel. He remembers him ten years ago running into that coffee shop in that wedding dress. And they all thought she was for Ross and he did too. That thought once made him anxious but now it made him absolutely, without no doubt, extremely turned on. Because he was wrong.

"Rach I've never wanted anything so badly." He's scared to do it. He hasn't since they've broken up, and just thinking about it made him want to explode. But he does it anyway when he feels her gaze there.

The kiss is soft and gentle at first, but it gradually gains momentum as the sensations cause him to bring his hands down the side of her waists and to the front of his jeans. Her eyes snap open at the sound of his belt being opened. He kisses her again and it catches her off guard. He's being aggressive, but she likes it. When they finally pull away she growls against his lips, "It was the thought of you screwing me." He gulps, she notices this, "exactly."

Without any hesitation between either of them, he grabs the sides of her lace underwear from under her black skirt and pulls them down over her feet. He hears Rachel's breathing in his ears and it takes all of his muster to not shove his hands down to touch her, but he doesn't want to hurt her. When he gets back up Rachel reaches down to pull down her skirt but Joey objects by grabbing her hand and wrapping them around his neck. She looks at him confused until he explains, "no time for that."

He shoves down his boxers, not even bothering to kick them off. He's holding her up against the wall with his weight now as she wraps her legs around his waist. Joey reaches down with his hand and unbuttons the first four buttons of her top, and they reveal her clothed breasts. and they're both a sight to behold. Joey with his belt loose, his white dress shirt still on, and a raging hard on. Rachel with her shirt half open and nothing underneath her skirt.

He's pulling down the fly of his jeans and prepares to pull himself out when they hear the juggling of the keys across the hall. And then chatter.

Reality sets in and suddenly it's back to how it was ten minutes ago. The hesitation and the doubt.

"Our new house is going to be great honey, and then Ross and Rachel and Emma will probably move in next door, I have to talk to them about that idea, oh my God, Chandler!" They hear Monica's excitement and then the slam of the door.

Rachel examines Joey's face, her breathing finally calming down. Joey's face is stone hard into no emotion. He finally makes eye

contact with her, "Joey." She feels bare in front him, she realizes his hand is still leaning against her _there _because of how they're standing and how he was pulling himself out. And the sexual air is gone. It's sad, it's awkward.

He removes his forearm from under her leg and she lowers her legs one at a time. But then he steps up closer to her. He brings his left arm around her back and presses her against him, his face looking down at hers. "I'm sorry." He says.

She doesn't know why but she feels like she has to tell him. What she's about to say surprises Joey so much that she literally feels his heart skip a beat from under her hand. _I'm moving to Paris._

His eyes search her for answers, answers to questions he doesn't even know how to ask. His lips mouth the words "no" over and over again as he commences to once again trace her facial features with his thumb. Her eyebrows, her nose, her philtrum, "I don't want to let you go. I always have to let you go. Why do I always have to let you go." He pulls her head down by the side of her neck and gently kisses the top of her forehead. They stand there for minutes, just hugging.

"We almost had it." her voice catches him off guard. He snaps his eyes back to hers and they smile at him. A crimson red color fills her cheeks and she hesitates before asking, "Can I zip you up?"

He laughs at this, "My jeans?" she nods. He skims her over before nodding slowly. He steps back to give her room but she grabs his arm and shakes her head. He looks at her confused, but then she's leaning down in front of him, on her knees.

Joey gapes at her, his hand instinctually going to the back of her head. This startles something inside of Rachel as she realizes what he's thinking and how this looks. But she continues her task anyway.

He suddenly feels the warmth of her hands by his crotch and he remembers he's commando. And she's staring right there. and for the first time in his life, he is shy. He looks down at her and sees her staring at his almost full length, but most of it is hidden tucked into the side of his jeans creating a painful bulge. She tries to grab his fly without touching him as best as she can. She hears him panting above her and she begins to wonder if this was truly a good idea. And she's pulling ever so slowly and it's halfway up when she retreats her hand.

His eyes snap open and he looks down at her, his almost pained eyes, "Why'd you stop?" she's never heard his voice this deep before and her breath gets caught in her throat. She motions with her eyes towards _him. She's embarrassed to say, _"I know I should've worn underwear."

"No-" She stops herself when he raises his brows. And suddenly she's pulling down his zipper.

"Rachel you don't have to-"

"I'm leaving. I need this. I need to know what it's like." he doesn't quite understand and his eyebrows knit together in confusion and

doubt, but all thought is lost when she touches him for the first time. At first he's faking resistance, but then he's shouting her name.

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><p>It's tuesday afternoon, it's two weeks since his renewed revelation of love towards her, a week after she blowed him off, and the day that Rachel Green leaves for Paris. They haven't talked or mentioned anything about what happened, and it becomes a dirty secret between them. As if some unsaid pact. He knows her plan and what can and cannot happen. It can't happen yet, maybe one day down the road, but as far as the consciousness of recognizing how wrong it is to everyone and how contradicting it is to everything else, it simply cannot happen. It almost did for a fraction of a second before reality set in. But then she put herself on the spot to suck him off, and then he was thrusting into her hand calling her baby babyrightthere and then he came _ohfuckyes _and then they got cleaned up and they were in love again.

Then Ross and Emma came over. She took Emma into her room with her and told both men goodnight.

But today she was leaving and she had to tell them each their goodbyes. They all sat in the living room preparing for the dreaded and it hit her how much had changed but couldn't. Ross played with Emma on his knee, God she did love Ross and her beautiful baby daughter. Then was Joey, who's cock was in her mouth days ago and it didn't disgust her. Joey played with Emma and Ross looked at them laughing as Joey made a funny face that made her laugh. He then made eye contact with Rachel and smiled, then Ross made eye contact with her and smiled.

Joey nodded to himself in defeat but acceptance. She could not be his. He could mess around and make out with her as much as they'd want, but the one who would have a two thousand dollar engagement ring in his right pocket as he shook his leg up and down, still holding her gaze, would be Ross.

And that killed Joey to the **fucking core.**

End
file.